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THE
SCOTCH HUT,

A POEM,

ADDRESSED TO

EUPHORBUS;

K

OR,

THE EARL OF THE GROVE.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. ALMON, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-
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MDCCLXXIX.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

To the Earl of Chester
S O O T C H U T
My Lord

YOUR Lordship has desired that nobody
will disagree with his Pen the Words of the
Search Hat; which, I must be acknowledged,
have already suffered sufficiently in another
Way by the Decisions before us upon
them. At the instant of entering this Court
before I perceived the propriety of your Lord
ship's suggestion, that the Disposition which
some in me to offend against it, I withheld,
however, the Temperance and committed to
Paper the following Lines, which might now
and perhaps have been written on the Boards
that gave Occasion to them. In that Case
they might have been something to the
Judgment of I like myself, whom
Chance or Pleasure might accord to that
place



To the Earl of C*****

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship has desired, that nobody will disfigure with his Pen the Walls of the Scotch Hut; which, it must be acknowledged, have already suffered sufficiently in another Way, by the Decorations bestowed upon them. At the Instant of entering this curious Edifice, I perceived the Propriety of your Lordship's Injunction, from the Disposition which arose in me to offend against it. I withstood, however, the Temptation, and committed to Paper the following Lines, which might more fitly, perhaps, have been written on the Boards that gave Occasion to them. In that Case they might have added something to the Amusement of Travellers, like myself, whom Chance or Pleasure might conduct to that sublime

blime and polish'd Temple of political Flattery: if they furnish Matter of more general Entertainment in their present Form, the Readers will owe Thanks to your Lordship, rather than to me.

It cannot be necessary to make an Apology for addressing you in the Title-Page under the Appellation of EUPHORBUS. Your Lordship is a Scholar, and knows, that Terms, which convey mean and vulgar Ideas in our own Tongue, being translated, sometimes assume Respect and Dignity in a dead Language. For my own Part, I confess, that, I should have blush'd to call you in plain English a Swineherd; but when I characterize the Office in Greek, and stile you *Euphorbus*, who can condemn me? It was anciently, we are told, in great Credit, and fill'd
by

by Persons of high Rank: *Eumæus*, the Master of the Hogs of *Ulysses*, is reported to have been of Princely Extraction; and a great and magnificent Duke. lately appointed to sustain a similar Office in our own Country, would hardly contest the Point of Precedence with him (were he now living) but on the Ground of the higher Nobility of the Animals, whom his Grace has the Honour to superintend. Do not be displeas'd, my Lord, at the Mention of that ancient Courtier, and faithful Keeper of Swine. He was a hospitable, good old Man, and was possessed of many Qualities which deserve Respect; however, he may be considered, in some Particulars, as inferior to the Earl of C. For *Eumæus* fed the Hogs of *Ulysses*; your Lordship feeds your own; and in that Capacity you acknowlege no Master. The old Swine-

herd of *Ithaca* is said to have been descended from one *Ctefius*, a Prince, whose Actions, if they were ever famous, have been long forgotten: but you, my Lord, are allied to, and derive your Honours from, a Race that hath enriched the Blood of *Stuart*; a Name that cannot die. I detain, I fear, your Lordship too long. I have the Honour to be, with the most profound Respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

March 1, 1779,

T H E

S C O T C H H U T.*

BY *St. Andrew*, ever dear,
 To *George's* and to *Scotland's* ear;
 By the Faith of holy Kirk;
 By the Bonnet and the Dirk;
 By the Target, Battle-proof,
 Pictur'd on this frightful Roof;
 And by the Pistol, Sword, and Dagger,
 Which made the Laird of Mountains swagger,
 When he, in Love with Borderers' Cattle,
 Descended to the hungry Battle;

* A Shed built by the Earl of C— at his Seat in *Hertfordshire*. It is a low, wooden Building, of an oblong Form, covered with Thatch, and open at one Side; and it is called the SCOTCH HUT. Within, on the Top, it bears the *Insignia* of *Scotland*; Dirk and Broadsword, Pistol and Target, Bonnet and Bagpipes. Beneath these are folded Curtains of Plaid: Plaid is also painted, and glares on the Side of this Structure, (for it has but one) and at each End. This Monument of his Lordship's Taste and courtly Manners, stands on a quiet green Spot by a pleasant Wood.

By

By each Cheek of mighty Bone;
 By the Bagpipe's pleasing drone;
 By the Plaid that daubs your wall;
 By our Folly, by our Fall;
 I swear—Your Lordship is to blame
 Thus to sport with *England's* Shame;
 And with Cruelty refin'd,
 Bring each Emblem to her Mind
 Of the Fiend, on Couch of Thorn,
 To Pride of tatter'd Baseness born;
 The starveling Fiend with Hydra-Head,
 In *Scotia's* rocky Caverns bred;
 Of stony Heart, and ruthless Hand,
 - That stalks in Ruin o'er the Land.

Though yet, my Lord, you love to plan
 A Temple, or a Grove for *Pan*;
 Or tell in Latin, o'er a Sty,*
 (Proof of paternal Piety)

* Over an Arch-way leading to his Lordship's Hoggery, is a Latin Inscription, commemorative of the Day on which his eldest Son attained the Age of twenty-one Years. It begins, *Virtuti paterna Pietas statuit.*

What Time the Virtues of a Son
 Fulfilled the Age of twenty-one;
 Or Ruins raise, as trimly neat,
 As *Sion's Adametic Gate*;
 (A Gate we touch not, lest we hurt,
 Like Gate of paste-work in Desert.)
 Though yet, secure from hostile Harm,
 You feed your Hogs, or tend the Farm;
 Or home-bred Grains of fair Amount,
 At Ease on Seat of Druid count;
 On Seat of golden Prospect, made
 For Druids that abhor the Shade: *
 Trust me, you soon the Pest shall feel,
 That rankles in the general Weal;
 The *Scottish* Pest, that o'er each Plain,
 Where smil'd our Plenty, spreads its Bane;
 Shall curse the Hour, when first you sold
 The Vote, that sacred Vote (for Gold)
 Your Country gave to guard the Cause
 Of Liberty and righteous laws;

* On the Rise of a Hill, in an exposed Situation, are several Seats formed of Trees, cut almost to the Ground, which are named the Seats of the Druids.

Shall think, how *England* in her Day
 Of Peace, like Summer-Boys, who play
 With Down of Thistle's floating Hair,
 Blew her Prosperity in Air,
 Regardless of the Woes that weep,
 And preach, from Sorrow's opening Deep;
 Deaf to the warning Powers, that cry,
*Who killeth, soon herself shall die.**
 Then, when you hear, (no heart to bless)
 Th' unpitied Voice of her Distress;
 And see (no helping Hand to save)
 Her Glories in their *Scottish* Grave,
 Shall oft invoke, beneath the Gloom,
 That shrouds old *Pan* in shady Tomb,†
 The Sleep, that ne'er must open Eye,
 Till the arch-Angel Trump on high
 Shall breathe a Blast from Heav'n, with Dread,
 That shall awake and raise the Dead.

* This Admonition may deserve a Place by that celebrated Adage of the great Justiciary, applied by him to the *Americans* with so general an Astonishment of all Men, "If we don't kill them, they will kill us," and may be no less worthy of our Attention.

† A small circular Building, open at the Top, and raised by his Lordship in a Wood, has the Name of *Pan's* Burial-Place. It is at a little Distance from his Grove and Temple.

Mean while, my Lord, if aught you love
 Yourself, your House's Fame, remove
 Far from the Tread of every Foot,
 This scurvy, lousy, tawdry Hut,
 That looks more desolate and bare,
 Than Hall of Famine and Despair;
 Where Silence seems again to sleep,
 As once within the lifeless Deep
 She slept; ere blithe Creation heard
 And rose at the Almighty Word:
 It is a Place despis'd of all,
 Where Snails of Spirit scorn to crawl;
 And Spiders, English Spiders, grieve
 The felon Web of Death to weave.
 Of these be taught, (on Nature's Plan,
 Reptiles may lessen weaker man)
 Rase from the Ground this vile Disgrace
 To you, to all of *English* Race.
 Woe on the Man, who spreads his Sail
 Full-swalling to each Courtly Gale!

Curse on the Wretch, in evil Hour,
 Who truckles to each Knave of Power!
 Shame on *your* Head, that this Retreat
 (Where all the Sylvan Graces meet
 On verdant Lawn, in woody Dell;
 Where humble Truth might love to dwell
 With pure Content, and at his Side
 Simplicity, his charming Bride)
 Should be polluted with the Stain
 Of Adulation's Guilt profane;
 And shew how fervilely devout
 You worship at the Shrine of *Bute*!
 ---Yet, yet, e'er Foreign Foe invade,
 O, purify this peaceful Shade.

11: 7: 49

F I N I S.

This Day is published. Price one Shilling.

A PARAPHRASE of Mr. ANSTAY's Paraphrase of the thirteenth Chapter of the first Book of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians; or, a poetical Exposition re-poetically expounded. By Archi Mac Sarcasm, Esq.

Whereunto I also labour, striving according to his working, which worketh in me mightily.

Coloss. Chap. 1. V. 29.

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